Will & Hannibal and the Post Kissing Booth Dilemma

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Will & Hannibal and the Post Kissing Booth Dilemma

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Follow up to Hannibal and the Kissing Booth Dilemma and Will Graham and the Kissing Booth Dilemma. This is what happens next…

The boys have hooked up and are on their way back to Hanni's house to take this a little further…

For Hannibal, the drive to his house felt considerably longer and less comfortable than usual. He considered that this was in part due to the very close proximity of a very confident Will Graham. He had only just realised - ridiculous for a psychiatrist - that there might have been a deeper reason for him setting up such an elaborate scenario in order to kiss the man other than to just see if he could. But of course, the main reason for his discomfort, was because there was a large, cold and sticky amount of cum currently drying against his crotch. The thought of trying to clean it from his pubic hair once home didn't fill him with hope for the romantic evening the kissing had promised.

And he was correct. Because as soon as they entered the house Will had pushed him up against the hallway wall and started kissing him. He chided himself for, yet again, being surprised that he wanted Will Graham. Of course he did. How did he even fool himself into thinking he had set up the Kissing Booth situation for any other reason than this? What a fool he had been. That had been his first thought. His second had been of the now painful pull of several pubic hairs stuck to each other and to his right testicle. The discomfort quickly drove him to push Will away.

Will had evidently not been expecting this because he stumbled back, falling into the coat rack and dragging it down to the floor with him. Hannibal held in a sigh of frustration at the sight of, a now very awkward looking, Will Graham sprawled on the floor under a wooden rack a winter coat, an umbrella and two hats - including his ushanka which had landed haphazardly on Will's head.

Do I look as ridiculous in that hat? Surely not.

He didn't have much time to ponder before Will was struggling to his feet and he instinctively went to the man's aid. Now gripping each other's arms, Will seemed to recover confidence enough to try for another kiss. Hannibal had not anticipated this and so their lips met in a clatter of teeth that reverberated through them both. Hannibal pulled back, narrowly avoiding tripping over the downed coat rack. He held Will and arm's length.

“Please excuse me Will, I need the bathroom.”

Will nodded, but colour was rising in his cheeks. A delicate blush that went immediately to Hannibal’s sticky balls. Something that needed immediate remedy. He left Will in the hallway.

Hannibal was reflecting on how rude that might have seemed as he washed his genitalia in the sink of the downstairs bathroom. He may have been gone longer than anticipated - there was a little detangling involved - because he could hear Will advancing.

“Hannibal? Are you, um… ok?” He was almost outside the door.

Hannibal’s eyes flicked to the lock and realised he had not turned it - so used was he to having the big house to himself. He felt chilled with horror as the handle started to turn. He had hoped that Will’s first glimpse of him in any way nude would be a little more flattering.

To that end, Hannibal moved one hand from his flaccid penis to the door. It of course didn’t reach and his whole body followed the momentum of the movement until he slammed completely into the door that was just beginning to open. The handle went into a rib, painfully, and he found himself suddenly crumpled on the floor. He cleared his throat and in a very sedate tone said -

“Just one moment please Will.”

He directed Will to the study and joined him there once he had picked himself up, cleaned himself off and tucked himself back in. Had he the time he may have changed his clothing, but it felt as every moment passed, that *the mood* was decidedly leaving. At this rate Will Graham and that puppyish sort of look he had, would be out the door.

Puppy? Really? Hannibal had to concede that perhaps he had more than a little crush on Will for quite sometime.

When he entered the study he found the drinks cabinet open and Will with a glass of whisky in hand as he studied something intently on Hannibal’s desk. Hannibal felt his stomach drop as he realised it could only be the nude he had been working on - a pencil sketch of Akhilles and Patroklos - and in that instant realising that the face of Patroklos was Will’s. How had he not realised that before?

Will’s face, even in the low light of the study, was clearly pale as he turned - sketch in hand.

“I’m naked…” Will forced out after a few moments deliberation.

“Oh, pay it no mind…” Hannibal forced a low chuckle. “Merely a coincidence…” he practically snatched the sketch from Will’s hand and let it flutter back to the desk. He indicated in the direction of drinks cabinet - “Top up?” Dilemma averted?

One top up for Will later and they were sat on the chaise, the bottle of whisky between them and a vaguely uncomfortable silence. It was not, Hannibal reasonably assessed, going well.

Hannibal wasn't quite sure how, but the bottle was almost empty by the time he decided that maybe he should remove the obstacle of it.

This was not as easy in practice as he reached forward and missed the bottle completely. Overbalancing, he pulled back and hit the bottle on the backswing, sending it clattering off of the chaise. He stared at it on the floor, spilling the little left inside. His eyes came in and out of focus on the bottle as he pondered that at least it was no longer in the way. This was the time to make or break because certainly the momentum of the evening had been long since lost.

He pulled himself along the chaise until he was pressed against Will. At his touch, Will stirred and snorted. Will Graham was asleep.

"Will…" Hannibal whispered. Loudly. Even the small word slurred.

Another snort and then - "Mmmm?" A flickering of eyes with lids too drunk to open.

"I'd like… to kish you Will. I paid good money." Hannibal let out a bark of laughter at what he considered a joke. The shock of the noise had Will's eyes flick open wide for the briefest of moments before they closed again and he snorted once more. Will's lips sort of puckered with the snort.

Hannibal took the opportunity to push his lips against Will's, letting out a slight moan as he did so. This must have roused Will a little because his lips moved ever so slightly, and his hand flopped from his own lap into Hannibal's.

"Mmm, s'nice…" Hannibal responded as he moved to Will's lips again. A brief press and then a drag of lips. Hannibal was only a little conscious of the fact that he had slumped forward and was now face down in Will's crotch.

Will snorted again. Hannibal began to snore.

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